Roxbury, May 25, 1874.

My dear Wendell P.

Your last letter removes all uncertainty from my mind in respect to my visiting the Park at the present time. The particulars you give are precisely such as I wished to obtain. My special anxiety has been lest, in remaining at home at this critical period in dear Mr. McKim's health, I might possibly seem — to him at least — lacking somewhat in that deep personal interest in his case, which, for various reasons, he had a right to suppose I would take, and which I feel more than words can express. On that point my mind is at rest; but my solicitude is none the less in regard to his condition. That he cherishes the hope of being able to get to Florida is perhaps a little surprising; yet it is very much better than a state of despondency, and may be beneficial even if it prove an illusion. His dis-

P.S. I very much regret that Mr. Hopkins continues to make such unjust and undeserved attacks upon woman suffrage.

ease is one that is equally insidious and deceptive in its operations, and in its ever varying aspects is sure to excite alternate hopes and fears until the dread problem is solved. It must be a serious time with you all. There never has been a more loving and faithful wife than Mrs. McKim; and I trust that as her strength, so her day may be. It is pitiable to see our beloved ones racked with pain and wasting away — we unable to give them any relief, and all medical skill proving abortive. But this very impotency and hopelessness serve to show how beneficent is that arrangement whereby all suffering is finally ended, and another sphere of existence provided, where there is no more death, and where

"No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues."

From this earthly liability to dissolution an exemption is vouchsafed to none. So be it!

I am glad you regard Jackson's bust of Sumner as a great success. I suppose his other pieces of sculpture, which he is now exhibiting in New York, will be brought to Boston; in which case I shall endeavor, to examine them with a critical eye as well as a friendly regard. I have no doubt that his speciality is, as you say, portrait-sculpture. Having had such remarkable success in almost every other bust he has taken, I regret that he was not equally successful in my case; and whether it is desirable to give him another trial before he goes to Italy, I do not know. I know of no one quite his equal. He still thinks his bust of me was a good one, though he has not seen it for several years. The absence of spectacles, which causes a different expression of the countenance, is a formidable difficulty in the way of making a bust of me satisfactory to family and friends.

You are mistaken in thinking I may not be pleased to learn that you have arranged with Rockwood, the photographer, to reproduce the old Whipple portrait of myself. That portrait, as finished in your parlor, is a very striking one, and if it can be copied so as to baffle "time's effacing fingers" for a long period, I shall be glad for my children's sake—yes, and the grandchildren too! Accept your father's thanks for the filial interest you take in his better preservation.

Your fresh genealogical discovery is an interesting item. When I make my pilgrimage to Orange, I will crave the better acquaintance of that Palmer.

Give my cordial regards to Mr. Green, with my regrets that his hearing is so seriously impaired.

Ellie has been a sufferer from rheumatic pains, but is better. We are all well at home. Love and sympathy for the dear ones at the Park. Your loving Father.